

Eat Foods When in Season

WOMEN often force tradesmen to misrepresent goods by demanding foods out of season and by their prejudice against cold-storage goods. A turkey killed and properly stored in November—when the birds are at their best—for example, is better in April than one killed in April when in poor condition.—From Good Housekeeping Magazine.

The Girl He'd Marry

WHAT SORT IS SHE?

Mothers Can Glean a Good Deal of Valuable Information from This Advice.

By Beatrice Fairfax.

"It's a shame. Rodney Brown seemed like such a splendid young fellow and now he's married a little waitress in the restaurant where he got his meals in Cambridge. Mrs. Brown's perfectly wild. She feels that Rodney's spoiled his whole future. Think of it! Throwing away his college education and his family connections on a waitress. His poor mother!"

A group of us were sitting out on the country club veranda, knitting for the Belgians, and from the particular moment the brown situation began to be discussed, the gray sweaters met with more drop stitches than I should have cared to count! Everybody had a beautiful time being sorry for Mrs. Brown and thinking up nasty things to say about the designing minx Rodney's wife must have been, and of how tragically the boy had spoiled his future.

I met Rodney a week later and with him was a sweet, refined-looking little girl, whose adoration for her big, young husband was splendid to behold. She was frightened when Rodney introduced us—looking for a slight, for snubs, for sneering patronage. And so, of course, I took two hands instead of one and gave her the warm cordiality and tenderness any human being ought to feel for a little, frightened, hurt, quivering thing.

Rodney and Bees had dinner with me that night and the girl's dainty manners, refined voice and sweetness made me wonder about her story. Just exactly why had she undertaken the heavy, exacting physical work of waiting in a restaurant? She seemed a mental creature—the sort of girl who would earn her living by teaching or secretarial work rather than by carrying heavy trays of food to a lot of roystering college boys.

Rodney's Story.

In the weeks since our first dinner together Rodney and Bees and I have grown to be firm friends and it is at their request that I tell their story. Rodney is twenty-eight—has graduated within recent years from the law school at Cambridge. (His name isn't Rodney Brown and Cambridge isn't his college town—you can see that we have to use a few fictitious names to make up for the real live human facts of his story.) He set up a practice in the college town where he had spent so many happy years and waited for clients. And clients do not come running to young lawyers, you know.

The first two years after Rodney Brown's graduation from college he had rather a bad time of it. He had not gone home because there was a girl there of whom he was so fond that it hurt. But his mother had lashed herself into a fury and then went into a decline over Rodney's infatuation for Rachel Morris.

"It will kill me if you marry. get of your religion. Rachel's traditions aren't like yours, her training isn't the same, her people are impossible. She won't be happy with her. Oh, Rodney, Rodney, you're all I have—you'll get over this infatuation, but I'll never get over it if you marry Rachel."

She almost said it in her sleep. Rodney saw his duty and gave Rachel up. All that happened during his last year at law school—but he couldn't go home to all the memories of Rachel Morris. There wasn't a path in his home town—there wasn't even a street car line without its memories of Rachel.

Rodney had two lean, lonely, poor years in Cambridge. He had given up his heart's desire for his mother, but he couldn't let her pay him an allowance, he couldn't take her money. On one of her visits to Cambridge, Mrs. Brown told Rodney of Rachel's marriage. And it was then that his lonely heart began looking for sympathy.

In the restaurant where he ate, because he liked keeping in touch with the college spirit and the college boys, there was a little waitress who was very sweet and quiet. Somewhere Rodney felt a sympathy in the very gentleness with which she unflinchingly set down before him the milk he liked in his coffee and the water-like slices of lemon he wanted for his tea. You never had to tell Bees anything twice—she remembered. She served things daintily with a certain pride in her work.

Sympathy is often a growth from suffering. Rodney needed some one

to help him over his bad places and he didn't know anybody to do it, so he turned right around and helped some one over her bad places. In trying to cheer Bees, making life a little more livable for her, he made it infinitely more livable for himself.

Bees had managed to put herself through high school with a little help from an aunt and a good deal of work, taking care of babies, running errands and doing odd jobs. Now she was taking two courses at college in the intervals of waiting on table, and she thought that she could manage to put herself through a four year course in six. Rodney admired her grit.

Her tenderness appealed to him. A contemplation of her troubles made him forget his own. And so he fell in love with her, and they were married, and I hope they will live happy ever after.

A Chance to Think.

If your son wants to marry a girl whose faith is not his, whose traditions and training and ancestry and environment and family and circumstances in life are all other than you would have them, don't immediately insist on breaking up the match.

Not every poor girl is a designing adventuress; not every socially unknown girl is bound to be a hand-icap; not every girl of ordinary family is a "common little thing." Nor, on the other hand, is just any rich girl sure to be a splendid wife, nor is every girl of good family bound to be a beautiful character, nor is every cultured, well-educated girl the material from which a loving help-mate may be made.

Give the girl your boy wants to marry a fair chance. Meet her and refrain from snubbing her even if she is shabby. Let your boy feel that you are being square, that you have his best interest at heart and won't snobbishly drive him away from what he longs to possess nor yet selfishly deprive him of his happiness.

Rodney Brown has sworn that he will never again speak to his mother. "I was almost grateful to her for spoiling my love for Rachel because that saved me for Bees," he laughed boyishly, "but she has said things about my wife that I am never going to forgive."

Perhaps some day Rodney and his mother will be friends again. But in the meantime there stretches between them long, arid, bitter years of misunderstanding—years that they can never get back. No woman has a right to let her ambitions for her son and her desire for that son blind her to the fact that he is an individual who must be left free to live his own life as a man—rather than a son.

Save Sugar and Save Lives

By Ira S. Wile, M. D.

Associate Editor American Medicine and Member N. Y. City Board of Education.

AND now you are asked to save sugar.

France calls upon you to do your mite of sweetness to her slender supply of sugar. You are fond of candy—enjoy your tea or coffee with two or three lumps of sugar in it—delight in heavily frosted cakes.

Your cravings for an indulgence in sugary dishes are normal expressions of a bodily need.

Sugar is especially popular. It is palatable and nutritious. Do you eat seventy pounds of it each year? This is approximately the per capita consumption of sugar in the United States.

Sugar can safely cut down your use of sugar.

Sugar has been cheap until recently and you have eaten more of it than your nutrition required.

Possibly you have used sugar largely as a condiment—to impart a pleasant flavor to foods.

You have lost its real essence of cereals by putting large quantities of sugar on them.

You have taken sugar on your salads, in beverages, on berries and fruits—for purposes of altering flavor.

Sugar is not a condiment. Condiments lack direct nutritive value.

If your children are accustomed to using sugar as a condiment, discontinue the use of a teaspoon and use a shaker for adding sugar. This will lessen the amount eaten for condimental purposes.

Sugar is too valuable a food to be wasted for the sake of the palate.

Sugar is a source of power, heat, vigor, energy.

Granulated, pulverized, loaf sugar are alike in food value. Their use for particular purposes is largely a matter of personal habit.

Another Thrilling Instalment of "The Hidden Hand" Tomorrow



SISTERS ALL

By STELLA FLORES



One Must Work While the Other Plays

WHO has ever thought that on her birthday there might be others celebrating the day for the same reason? Why do we always think that on our day of nativity no one else but ourselves was born? There is a span of twelve conscious hours when are crowded out all thoughts of everything but what relates directly to ourselves. On that day we are important.

Ruth and Roda were both important little creatures on their sixteenth birthdays. Each thought she was the sole possessor of that glorious day. Perhaps if each had known of the other's existence each might have been happier; perhaps it might have made them sadder. But both spent their days in such a totally opposite manner that a glimpse into each other's lives would have seemed to them like looking into a different world.

Ruth was none the less exhilarated because she was forced to go to work on that momentous occasion. On the contrary, the expectation of ending the day with a party kept her in high spirits all through her work. She was an errand-girl in a department store, and although her hours were always long she had been given leave to go home early that evening so that she might prepare the miniature festivities which her few friends were going to help her enjoy.

While she was going to bed and molding the festooned sandwiches which were going to be the first course on the menu, Roda was sitting in her blue and lavender boudoir before her dressing-table ar-

ranging her luxurious curls in proper proportion to look well for the theatre-party she was giving in the evening. After the last look had been planned in place, she hurriedly pulled open the drawer of the table and then furtively and with the minutest care drew out the daintiest box of most delightful smelling face powder. Never before had she used any and she had been promised by her governess to be allowed to buy some when she was eighteen years old.

But on her shopping tour one day she had seen this beautiful box lying in state in a window lined with soft lavender velvet. She rang for the chauffeur to stop, and while her governess (she really called her "companion" now that she was older) was in another shop, Roda hopped out of the automobile and entered the store.

As she sat at her dresser patting the first specks of powder on her little turned-up nose, she glanced satisfyingly at the other purchases she had made that day; pink sachet in a lavender box to match her room, cologne and toilet-water and even a little manicure arrangement to match the set. She had hesitated at rouge and lip-salve because she knew herself that no coloring could improve the peach-bloom tints in her cheeks and carmine color on her lips that were already there.

Seated in a box later on at the theatre, Roda believed herself to be the happiest girl in the world. Seated at her little, kitchen table lit up with sixteen candles and herself surrounded by some of her girl friends from her store, Ruth believed herself to be the happiest girl in the world.

DRACULA, or The Vampire By Bram Stoker

MY brain was all in a whirl, and only that there came through all the multitude of horrors, the holy ray of light that my dear, dead Lucy was at last at peace. It is all so wild, and mysterious, and strange that if I had not known Jonathan's experience in Transylvania I could not have believed. As it was, I didn't know what to believe, and so got out of my diff-

culty by attending to something else. I took the cover off my typewriter, and said to Dr. Seward: "Let me write this all out now. We must be ready for Dr. Van Helsing when he comes. I have sent a telegram to Jonathan to come on here when he arrives in London from Transylvania. In this matter I am sure of everything, and I think that if we get our material ready, and have every item put in chronological order, we shall have done much. You tell me that Lord Godalming and Mr. Morris are coming, too. Let us be able to tell them when they come."

REGIN TASK OF COLLECTING DETAILS.

He accordingly set the phonograph at a slow pace, and I began to type from the beginning of the section with a mixture of dictation that will furnish an adequate amount of fat, protein and mineral salts. Make sugar part of a meal instead of a between-meals attraction. Sugar yields heat and energy to the body.

Sugar does not build up your tissues.

For temporary use sugar may spare the protein tissue building substances that would otherwise be utilized for developing power in the body.

Sugar is especially useful as a food because it is quickly absorbed and makes its energy value almost immediately available.

Sugar will stimulate and is a useful substitute for alcoholic stimulants for the relief of fatigue or exhaustion.

Did you ever picture the candy store as the real competitor of the saloon?

Candy is too concentrated for frequent use.

Give the children a little piece of candy at the end of the meal as a part of the meal—and do not permit them to eat quantities of candy between meals.

The normal adult may eat four ounces of sugar daily without suffering ill effects.

Strong concentrations of sugar irritate the stomach, interfere with the action of the digestive ferments and promote gastric distress.

Sugar frequently ferments in the intestines and causes gas and diarrhea.

Substitute honey, molasses, syrup, maple sugar for your usual sweetener.

Halve the sugar in your beverages, reduce your portions of candy, eliminate frostings, icings, sugary sauces.

Later—Auntie Mabel and her

Delicious Potato Pudding

HERE is a food conservation recipe: Mix into a stiff paste two pounds of potatoes boiled and mashed fine, one pound of flour and a little salt. Tie in a wet cloth dusted with flour, and boil two hours. Remove cloth and serve hot with a sauce made by simmering together a tablespoonful of jam, a tablespoonful of sugar and water.

Their Married Life

A NARRATIVE OF EVERYDAY AFFAIRS

Warren Says He Won't Be Home to Dinner and Then Arrives in an Effort to Test Helen.

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"I REALLY can't say, dear, until I speak to Warren about it."

"Why," asked the teasing voice across the fire, "are you two making separate engagements these days?"

"No," said Helen hesitatingly, "but we've been so stocked up with engagements that Warren and I complained last week of never having a chance to plan an evening for ourselves."

"Oh, I see," laughed Anne understandingly. "Well, suppose you telephone him and ask him if he cares about coming. Then you can call me up again."

Anne Redding or Anne Parmalee as she was since she had married Jack, was almost a stranger to Helen, and she wanted more than anything to accept the informal invitation to dinner there for to-morrow night. It was embarrassing to have to confess that she could not accept without first asking Warren, particularly as Warren himself was not playing fair. Hadn't he accepted the invitation to the Thursdays without winking an eyelash right after he had given her, Helen, a lecture about accepting any invitations or making any plans without consulting him?

She knew that Warren would probably be irritated at being called up and would no doubt refuse to go out to the Parmalees at all. Then she would be forced to confess to Anne that Warren had another engagement and Anne of course would not believe her.

"Mr. Curtis, please," said Helen curtly to the stenographer. "Hello, Warren, is to-morrow night open for an invitation?" she began without preamble.

"Sure," Warren responded unusually good natured. "What's up, are you cross about anything?"

"Oh, no," Helen returned coldly. "Anne and Jack want us to come out to Jersey to dinner."

"To Jersey, do they live over there now?"

"Yes, on the Palisades somewhere. Anne says it isn't as much of a trip as it sounds and she wanted me to ask you if you'd come."

"Why sure, why all the fuss about it?"

"Well, Warren, you wanted me to ask you before making engagements."

"O, are you still thinking of our conversation the other night? I had forgotten all about that. I just meant that it was silly to fill up every evening with engagements. Use a little bit of discretion about things, that's all. If you find that the week is too full, and we're not going to have an evening to ourselves, don't accept or make any more engagements, see?"

"Yes, I see," said Helen, unresponsively. She was about to ring off, more put out than otherwise, because she felt that Warren was

really right about it, when he stopped her with a "Hello, dear!"

"Ten," she continued. "The next do you want anything?"

"I won't be home to dinner to-night," he continued, "was just about to call you up."

"Are you working?"

"No, going to stay downtown with the fellows for dinner and go to a show."

"Very well, I won't expect you." "Not angry are you?"

"Why no, why should I be?" Helen returned trying to speak naturally. Somehow or other, try as hard as she could, she felt stunned and hurt. Yet she wanted to be fair and she knew that Warren really needed to get away from home sometimes.

"All right, then," he said cheerfully. "I may be a bit late, if so, don't worry."

"All right." And Helen hung up with a little click. She felt suddenly restless and eager to be off somewhere. The house suddenly stifled her, she needed something to distract her mind and there was nothing that presented itself.

"Why, how foolish I am," she avoided vigorously. "Warren has stayed down to dinner plenty of times without my caring anything one way or another."

"But he never told you so deliberately," argued that still small voice within her. And Helen was forced to admit that he never had called her up and told her that he would be out all evening in quite so deliberate a manner.

She wandered into her own room and began to dress aimlessly. Then she went out to the kitchen to speak to Mary.

"Mary, you can take the evening off," she said tonelessly. "Mr. Curtis will not be home and whatever we have will keep. Just put Winkie to bed. I am going downtown for dinner."

The idea of going downtown to dinner had just occurred to Helen, but she thought with a sudden breath of relief that she could drop in on Cary and Frances and they would be glad to have her for the once.

She put on her hat and adjusted her veil, and as she did, the familiar key clicked in the latch. The next instant she turned to confront Warren.

"Going out," he queried.

"Yes, I was," she said slowly. "What are you doing home?"

Just for an instant, she had a brilliant idea of carrying out her plan and of going on out without vouchsafing any information on the subject, but the idea faded as Warren said suddenly.

"Well, I told you the other night that if I did want to take an evening off, you'd be as sore as a crab. Thought I'd try you out this afternoon, and you certainly rose to the bait, didn't you?"

(To Be Continued.)

System For the House

By Loretta C. Lynch.

VERY recently, in a large city, a young school teacher was called before the board of education to explain why she refused to teach her class a story laid down in the course of study. The story was one that emphasized the "cruel stepmother," whose coming had spelled extreme unhappiness to the children of the first wife.

"I cannot teach what I do not believe," she said, in explanation. "My mother died when I was fourteen years of age, and before I was sixteen I was blessed with a step-mother who is a fine woman."

I happened to know the family, and I want to tell you what her extreme respect for her natural mother forbade her to make public.

There were six children in this family. The father provided liberally for their necessities, but had nothing to give them in the way of luxury. They owned their own home in the suburb of a large city.

The neighbors remember Mrs. Firstwife as a worked-to-death woman. She was always hurrying. The children went to bed at any hour that pleased them, and those of school age always overslept. All

some time, and in the midst of their bickering Mrs. Firstwife discovered that there wasn't a roll or a speck of coffee in the house. This necessitated a hurried trip to the store by one of the late-rising youngsters, or sometimes the husband.

And so the family drifted along, some time, and in the midst of their bickering Mrs. Firstwife discovered that there wasn't a roll or a speck of coffee in the house. This necessitated a hurried trip to the store by one of the late-rising youngsters, or sometimes the husband.

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